

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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\$1.00 a Year

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Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law
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Practices in Greenbrier and adjoining counties.

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Office and residence opposite the Marlinton Hotel. All calls answered promptly.

L. J. MARSHALL, M.D.
Physician and Surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All calls promptly answered. Office over Marlinton Drug Store.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTEREY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. M. STOUT,
DENTIST,

Has located and is ready for business in the Bank of Marlinton building, Marlinton, W. Va.

HENRY A. SLAVEN,

Practical Land Surveyor,

Meadow Dale, Virginia.

Maps and Blue Prints a specialty.

Work in Pocahontas County solicited.

WOODS AND WATER

Sportsman are Invited to Join us in Telling a Tale for this Column

Now and Then.

A DAY IN A BOY'S LIFE : THE AFTERNOON

The Young American Boys & Girls
Day by Killing a Comrade, Blows the Body and Goes to Bed with a Guilty Conscience.

After John the Bad had dined sumptuously on the bullfrog which he had outwitted, he resumed his fishing. The morning had been fully taken up that he had got very little fishing done. Nor was he destined to pursue the sport very long in the afternoon. The rest of the gang soon gathered and proposed that they go in swimming. Clothes were removed in a quarter of a minute, and the little naked forms plunged into the nearest pool.

A maiden lady lived near the stream, and she had constantly been annoyed by the town boys' custom of disrobing and dropping into the water whenever and where ever the notion struck them, irrespective of observers.

The boys saw the window shade jaded down, and presently the old maid's hired man came down to notify the boys not to bathe so close to this chaste abode.

"Aw, tell her to look the other way!" shouted John, and the hired man went back and told the lady that the boys would do so no more.

The gang got into their clothes presently, and lay on the sand enjoying the languor that comes from a bath in cold water.

Presently they noticed that the hogs from the mill had come down and squeezed through the water-gap into the meadow. There were a half-dozen big hogs, and this was a daily occurrence.

Whenever they came into this particular meadow they became lawless prey of the gang. The creek meandered through the pasture close to one side. At the foot of the big cottonwood tree there was a deep, blue pool, and the fence was not a rod away.

A boy was stationed at this gap and the hogs corralled above and driven down. When they approached this gap the boy would show himself, and being over the forces, the hogs would plunge over the bank into the deep water and swim ashore. This was repeated time and again, until the boys or hogs tired of the sport.

On this occasion Dick was stationed in the gap and the rest of the boys round up the hogs. Just as the hogs were being driven down, Dick's ma appeared on the edge of the meadow and waved a switch at Dick and told him to come. Dick burst into tears and went home to complete some unfinished business, leaving the gap unguarded.

The boys thought to see the hogs pass on down the creek and escape at the lower end, but when the leader came to the place where small boy bar their way with a club, they turned as they had been trained, and each took the dive in the usual way.

After time the boys trail off until there were but three left in the meadow. John, Henry, and the little boy from the country who had come in with his ma to spend the day. His name was Frank.

The afternoon waned, and John saw that he would have to apply himself to his dial avocation, if he expected to get enough minnows for eel-bat that night.

At this time the three boys had willow switches and were engaged in the delightful pastime known as "lap-jacket," the object of which is to see which can take the most punishment. Two boys stand to each other and larrup each other around the legs with willow switches until one or the other cries hold, enough. In this way boy children glory in punishment which if given by parental hand would cause the parent to be indicted by the grand jury.

As they were playing they found some rotten poles, the wood of which was so soft and decayed that the slightest blow would shatter a club into a thousand pieces. They amused themselves then with biffing each other over the head with clubs broken from this wood, and enjoyed seeing the fragments of wood fly. John got a club that was not so rotten as the ones they had been using, and when he hit Frank over the head with it that poor little boy fell as though he had been struck by lightning.

What was worse he did not get up again and the boys concluded they had killed him. After debating what they would do they decided to conceal the body and go off and say nothing about it. They dragged the body if their murder ed comrade to the foot of a big willow and stuffed it in between the tree and a water gate. They then covered it with some bushes and after many "crossing their hearts" and swearing "upon their honor" not to tell anything about it, they separated. Harry went home and surprised his family by cutting wood and making himself generally useful.

His mother called his father's attention to the fact and declared that their son would be a credit to hem yet. Harry's father, however suspected that he had got into a scrape, but he said nothing. John had taken his fishing pole and catching some minnows had one down the creek to set his traps for eels.

In the mean time Frank's mother had gotten ready to go home, and could not find her boy. There were no boys at the place where he was visiting and Frank had been consorting with the boys in his town. She was about to raise hue and cry for him when a neighbor told her she had seen Frank riding home in his father's wagon. She then went home and found he had not arrived, it being another boy about Frank's age who had ridden with his husband in the wagon. He was a little uneasy but did not end back for Frank until after supper. After supper the hired man took a horse to go into town after him.

While Frank's attention was thus wanted, and peering around saw that his whole side was in fair view and not more than seventy or eighty yards away in a straight line. Strange as it may seem even to myself, I never was more calm or collected or more deliberate about anything, though it was the first bear I had ever seen outside of the picture books. I have been more nervously agitated before and since, shooting at squirrels and ground-hogs, than I was to him.

In the afternoon A. Lightner and myself start with the "Wild Horse" Cavalry to Beverly, where this company is ordered to drill and wait for arms.

We ride on their baggage wagon... They camp at Belington, we at Mustoe's near by. A good place to lodge—four young ladies, all good Secessionists.

Friday, May 31.—Walk to the top of Laurel Hill, where we wait for the cavalry. At foot of mountain stop and have talk with an old man, who with wife and children are by the roadside to see the Bath Cavalry pass on its way to Philippi. These people are for the South heart and soul, one son in the army.

The road is covered with flowers by the hands of the young ladies. They were in this same spot when we passed before. Beverly at 1 o'clock. Dine with Lightner at Mr. Daniels'.

Saturday, June 1, 1861.—Leave Beverly. Meet militia going into town to drill. Messrs. McNeil and Edmonson overtake us; we ride with them to Huntington, walk to Stipes for dinner, and in to White's for the night. The old man eyed us sharply, and took us in when satisfied. Both old people were very inquisitive.

What he did not know about bears I was fully of the opinion was not worth knowing, and so I gave him a detailed account of the occurrence, as he sat on his horse and reconnoitered the relative positions of the parties at the moment the shooting was done.

He seemed to think that if the bear had even been hit, the wound could not be a fatal one. The gun was too small in calibre to do anything more than tickle the creature and so the noise I heard must have been from the tickling the little gun had given him when he was not looking for it.

The night storm, no visible trill, Uncle Harry's ideas of tickling, and living too under a government that regarded work more important than following up an unarmed bear sign, I accepted the surmise.

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ON TO GRAFTON

In Account of the March to Grafton by the Virginia State Volunteers, in 1861

FROM THE DIARY OF CHAS. L. CAMPBELL

The Second March to Beverly. Spirited skirmish in which Mr. Campbell's Horse is Killed.

Philippi, Thursday, May 30, 1861.—Awake from a refreshing sleep, though nights are cold.

Mess goes through with breakfast, bread, bacon and cleaning up a clean and orderly way.

During the day confer with Capt. Hull and others, which results in permission to join the cavalry. I take this step reluctantly, I desire to represent my country in this peril, and to be with my men.

Capt. Sterritt readily agrees to my change. Capt. Hull, Lt. J. S. Gilmore, Corporal Bradshaw, with others have been very kind gentlemen to me.

In the afternoon A. Lightner and myself start with the "Wild Horse" Cavalry to Beverly, where this company is ordered to drill and wait for arms.

We ride on their baggage wagon... They camp at Belington, we at Mustoe's near by. A good place to lodge—four young ladies, all good Secessionists.

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